

BARL.

THE name of the city, called by the *Times* "Basel," which is German, and by other papers, "Bâle," which is French, or "Basle," which is no modern language at all, is pronounced by every Englishman so as to rhyme with "snarl." Why not spell it accordingly?

The meekest person who goes to Barl by way of Mülhausen would certainly snarl before he got there. Why everyone should be turned out of the train to pass through the German Custom-house, when the train is on German territory for only half an hour, is incomprehensible to anyone but a German official. Those who are going on in the train might be allowed to remain in it. A Custom-house officer might walk through if absolutely necessary. But they are all turned out, ladies or invalids, old or young. After the solemn German officials have gazed solemnly through their spectacles at the handbags, the umbrellas, the rugs and similar untaxed articles, the passengers are solemnly released and solemnly put back in the train, the solemn station-master gives the signal of departure, and within half an hour they are again, to their great relief, beyond the frontier of the fussy Fatherland.

Barl is one of those nice, restful places—like Berlin, or Barcelona, Budapest, Bath, or Brighton—where the stranger can leave his *Baedeker* at the hotel and go out for an aimless stroll without doing any sight seeing at all, because, in fact, there are hardly any sights to see. Berlin, Barcelona, Budapest and, perhaps, Bath are superior in the matter of attractions, but, as regards rest from sight-seeing, Barl is, of course, completely cut out by Brighton, which contains no objects of interest whatever. However, few large towns could compete with Brighton in this respect.

As everyone knows, there is in Barl an excellent hotel, which Prince CHUN and his attendants had ample time to appreciate. For an hotel in a large town it has one remarkable attraction. In the rooms overlooking the Rhine there is perfect quiet. No traffic over cobblestones at daybreak, no belfry next door, no railway station opposite, no arguing early in the morning, no singing late at night. There is a soothing splash of the water against the piers of the bridge, and that is all. It has only one defect. The proprietor does not reckon for unexpected arrivals. At *déjeuner* or dinner five hungry Germans, or ten hungry Americans, will suddenly come in, and upset all the calculations of the cook. Then ensue fearful pauses. Opposite me, one morning, sat three elderly Frenchpeople, two men and a lady. The *entre-côte* comes to an end. My neighbours and I wait twenty minutes till a fresh supply



Chorus of excited Otter-hunters. "TAIL HIM, MAJOR! TAIL HIM!"

Major (who has been beguiled into going Otter-hunting). "FIRST YOU SHOUT 'HEAD HIM!' THEN 'TAIL HIM!' CONFOUND IT, SIR, DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAME OUT TO PLAY PITCH AND TOSS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BEASTLY STREAM!"

[The ambition of an otter-hunter is to catch the otter by the tail.]

arrives. Then one of the old Frenchmen, who has, meanwhile, consumed a large helping, sees his, and seizes his, opportunity. "*Le plat!*" he cries, and has a second quantity. But when we reach the cheese, fortune has turned. Then the Frenchpeople wait, but not patiently. They are inconsiderate, for Gruyère is a rare delicacy in Switzerland. Their lamentations and complaints are incessant. One of the old gentlemen even claims my sympathy across the table. "*Vous avez été la victime de l'entre-côte, monsieur, et moi je suis la victime du fromage.*" But there is no envy between us now; we are brothers in misfortune.

Away by the train to Paris, which starts at 10.22. It is there, at the platform, a quarter of an hour before. In the waiting-room stand all the passengers, looking at the empty train, but kept back by one puny official till it is actually past 10.20. Then with one frantic rush they are allowed not quite two minutes to take their seats for a journey of over eight hours. Any less stupid people would have swept away that puny official long ago. Of all the senseless arrangements of all the sleepy Swiss there is no arrangement which reaches such a depth of stupidity as this one.

H. D. B.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. II.—THE DUKE OF DONNYBROOK AND BOW.

(Concluded.)

THEY appointed a Commission to report with proper care,
On the possible survival of an unsuspected heir.
The instructions that they gave them were exhaustive and
concise,

"If he lives," they wrote, "just find him, and you needn't mind
the price.

Through the Continent of Africa your duty you'll discharge :
It's a biggish stretch of country, so the order's rather large.
Still, the task you're undertaking is ineffably sublime,
And we don't intend to hamper you or limit you in time.
Fare you well ; do all you can, Sirs ; and, wherever you may go,
Think of England, think of duty, think of Donnybrook and Bow."

I may spare you the recital of a lot of deeds they did ;
And some painful things they suffered in oblivion may be hid.
But I can't forbear to mention that they learnt to speak with
ease

Many queer and tricky lingoos and the dialects of these.
When upset upon the Pungwe they were saved for fame and us
By the opportune arrival of a hippopotamus
Who took in the situation and conveyed them from the wreck,
Clinging tightly to salvation by his rather massive neck.
Then they wandered through Sahara, traced the Congo to its
source ;

Took the Niger in a steam-launch, and were wrecked again, of
course ;

Did a trip or two from Cairo, where they lingered for a while,
And conversed with all the fellahs whom they found about the
Nile.

They discovered that an eight-oar isn't equal for a bump
To that desert-ship, the camel, with a saddle on his hump,
And that missionary fillet or explorer barbecue
Isn't always used for dinner in the wilds of Timbuctoo.
Their adventures in the forests make a formidable list :
They were shot at by the Pigmies, but were fortunately missed ;
And they learnt by having suffered how your courtesy it tries
To be entertained by Bushmen or be feasted on by flies.
Kaffirs, Hottentots and Zulus, Matabeles, Portuguese,
Fuzzy-Wuzzies, men of Benin and the savage Ashantees,
Every tribe they plied with questions as to whether they had met
Any man whose brow seemed fitted for a ducal coronet.
Failure, failure, always failure ! And the months went slipping
by,

And no clue appeared to gladden their investigating eye—
Till one day on Lake Nyanza, as they paddled their canoe,
They were greeted by a negro with a cheery "how-do-do ?"
When they heard these words in English—oh, the magic of that
tongue !—

All this middle-aged Commission felt at once supremely young.
They approach him, and their Chairman with a joyful eye
perceives

On his chest the ducal birthmark of a strawberry *with leaves* !
In his hut he kept his records : all the amulets were there,
All the marriage-lines and tokens that can make a man an heir ;
And they found that, though a black man, he could trace—and
did with glee—

To a line of Dukes in England quite a flawless pedigree.
So they cabled home to London, "We have found the heir alive ;
He's great-grandson to Lord ARTHUR, and his age is twenty-
five.

We have packed the proofs securely, and shall start with him
to-night.

He has very pleasant manners, but he isn't very white."

The sixteenth Duke of Donnybrook and Bow,
George Alured Augustus BATTLEMORE,

Marquis of GOLDSTONE, Earl of BALLYHINCH
In Ireland's peerage, Baron STRUACHAN
In Scotland, and I know not what beside,
Dwells in the Castle that his ancestor,
The Great Red Duke, built centuries ago.
Oh, what a scene that was when he returned
To claim his own and be an English peer.
Rumour preceded him and spread the news,
And all the country-side was set agog.
The tenants all were there, a goodly crowd,
Stout, comfortable farmers and their wives,
Peasants in smocks, and stablemen, and grooms,
And footmen with their well-developed calves ;
The Parish Council with its Chairman too,
And all the children from the village school,
The Rector at their head ; he had prepared
A long congratulatory address,
And meant to read it to the coming Duke.
At last there rose a shout, "He comes, he comes !"
And lo ! the County Yeomanry appeared
A-clatter up the ducal avenue.
Dragoons they were, a set of burly men
On burly horses—a terrific sight.
Behind them whirled the family barouche,
Drawn by four spanking greys, and in it sat
The Duke, the object of all men's desires.
"He's black," said farmer HOBBS, "as black as black.
I never seed a Duke like that afore."
But Mrs. HOBBS opined you couldn't look
For everything to please you : there must be
A sort of give and take : and thus to carp
At colour was affing in the face
Of Providence that had restored the Duke.
Then the whole multitude broke out in cheers ;
The carriage stopped, and so the Rector spoke :—
"Your Grace," he said—hereat the black Duke smiled—
"We have assembled here to welcome you.
Before the ancient mansion of your race
We greet you, for we know that you will show
The virtues that have marked your loyal house
In Church and State, and on the tented field.
From that far country where you had your home,
You bring the—" here the Rector paused and
coughed,
And grew embarrassed ; he had meant to say
"The white flower of a blameless life," but now,
Noting the ducal ebony, he thought
The words were tactless, so he slurred them o'er,
And passed to other things, and made an end.
The Duke replied—he had been coached with skill—
Leapt from his carriage, shook a thousand hands,
And all men said, "How affable !" and all
Their wives and daughters, as they saw him pass,
Observed his smile and much admired his teeth.
And now, beloved of all, he holds his rule.
Society acclaims him ; he is seen
At every meeting of the Primrose League ;
Opens bazaars, and rides to hounds, and shoots.
And though he sometimes shocks the staid folk
With intempestive laughter, or with songs
And dances of a savage character,
These faults are venial, and his neighbours own
They are such eccentricities as Dukes
May use at will, and none the less be Dukes.
P.S.—The *Morning Post* announces this :
"We are informed a marriage is arranged
Between the Duke of DONNYBROOK and BOW
And Lady ANGELINA, only child
Of GEOFFREY, Marquis of FITZALTMONT."

R. C. L.



A DRASTIC MEASURE.

Old Lady (to District Visitor). "IT'S MY 'EAD THAT'S BEEN TROUBLIN' ME SO, MISS, BUT THE DOCTOR HE SAYS, 'YOU TAKE THESE 'ERE PILLS AND YOU'LL SOON SHAKE IT OFF!'"

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THE PLAYS OF SHAWKSPEARE.

ACT II.—CONTINUED.

Re-enter JOCK, ushering in two murderers. Their appearance shows them to belong to the lowest branch of their profession.

McB. Guid mornin' frien's.

First Murderer. Same to you, Gov'nor.

McB. Ye're noe frae Scotlan', I'm thinkin'?

Second Murderer (decidedly). You may take your oath of that.

McB. Aweel, I hae a triflin' bit o' beesiness ye might care to do for me.

First Murderer (brusquely). How much?

McB. I'm comin' to that. Do ye ken a canty Scot ca'ed BANQUO?

First Murderer. Long-legged chap with sandy whiskers? I know the party.

McB. If ye will rin yer knife across his throttle ye shall hae half the monny ye find in his pockets.

Second Murderer (sarcastically). And hand you the other half? Not good enough.

First Murderer. Not by a long chalk.

McB. I think it a verra handsome offer.

First Murderer. I dare say. Where'd we be if he hadn't anything in his pockets? We know Scotland!

McB. What wad ye tak' to settle him for me?

First Murderer. Half-a-sovereign.

Second Murderer. Apiece.

McB. 'Tis a braw sum, I'm thinkin'.

First Murderer. Not at all. Dirt cheap.

McB. Will ye tak' sax shillin'?

First Murderer (much hurt at the suggestion). Look here, Gov'nor, I said half-a-sovereign. And when I say half-a-sovereign I mean half-a-sovereign.

McB. Will ye noe tak' feefteen shillin' between ye?

First Murderer (sternly). Half-a-sovereign.

Second Murderer. And Beer money.

McB. (disgusted). Mon, mon, ye're verra avareecious.

First Murderer. It's the Union rate, Gov'nor. We daren't take less.

McB. Whisht, whisht! yon's mon BANQUO walkin' thro' the planteetion. Gang after him, frien's. Ye shall hae the monny.

First Murderer. Shake hands on it, Gov'nor! I thought we should come to terms. [Exeunt Murderers stealthily.

McB. (to himself). The puir feckless bodies noe to hae thoct of askin' for payment in advance! Wha iver heerd o' sic fulishness. A canny Scot wad hae pocketit his monny before puttin' a hand to the beesiness. But there's nae reckonin' wi' Southrons. (Re-enter Murderers, each adorned with a black eye.) Hae ye kilt him?

First Murderer (savagely). I should rather think so.



"BILL, CAN YER LEND ME TWOPENCE?"

"WOT A SILLY QUESTION TER ARST! WHY, IF I 'AD TWOPENCE, WOT 'UD I BE DOIN' STANDIN' OUTSIDE A PUBLIC 'OUSE!"

Second Murderer. And a tough job we had of it.

McB. Aweel, ye've twa bonnie black een to show for it.

First Murderer. You needn't remind us of it. Where's the whisky?

Second Murderer. And the blunt?

McB. (ignoring the second suggestion, but handing whisky). Did ye find a braw lot o' siller on him?

First Murderer (sulkily). What's that to do with you? Just you give us cur wages and don't ask questions.

[Helps himself and mate to whisky.

McB. Eh, mon, ye're verra unceevil.

Second Murderer. We are that. So hurry up with that sovereign.

McB. (defiantly). And if I winna?

Second Murderer (producing knife and handling it meditatively). There'll be another throat cut in Bonnie Scotland.

McB. (taking out purse sullenly). Tak' the monny, ye murderin' ne'er-be-lickits and let me see the hinders o' ye. (Exeunt Murderers with money). I ought to hae dune the killin' mysell. 'Twad hae been mair economical.

[MCBETH sits down by the hearth saddened by this reflection. JOCK lays supper for three. Presently Lady MCBETH enters. She and her husband seat themselves at table. Music pianissimo as curtains close on Part 2, Scene 2, Act II. An interval.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

IX.—THE "ETERNAL CITY" SECTION.

[The author, in attempting to follow Mr. HALL CAINE in his latest flights of actuality, wishes to cast no sort of reflection upon any extant Monarch or Official of State whom he has found it convenient to introduce for the purposes of Art.]

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—It was the dawn of a new century, practically contemporary with the present. By an edict of the young, pale King EPAMINONDAS I., this unusual event was to be marked by the inauguration of a colossal scheme for restoring the Parthenon. A Jubilee Procession to the Acropolis had been arranged with a view of reviving the splendours of the ancient Panathenaic festival. All Athens had been notified to attend.

2ND, 3RD.—In the great Square (*plateia*) of the Constitution a vast and motley crowd was assembled. Here was the Athenian Demos, ever ready, as in the days of the Christian Era, to see something new. Politicians of the café (*estiatoria*) might be seen sipping their sweet *masticha*, or munching Greekish delight (*glukumi*) inlaid with pistachio nuts. In the midst of animated conversation, they were telling the beads of their secular rosaries, as occupation for their restless hands. Here were shepherds from distant Nomarchies, Slavs from Boeotia, Roumanians from Acarnania, clad in capotes of goat's-hair, or red vests and baggy trousers, green and blue. Here were Albanian peasant-women in long shirts with brodered sleeves and leather girdle, and the glint of sequins in their hair. Here were local Demarches swelling with importance; there a street Arab crying his *sigarocharito* (cigarette papers) at 25 *lepta*, or about 2½d. the packet; or a newspaper-boy shouting *Ephemeris!* or *Astu!* (the names of party-organs). There again was an archmandrite rubbing elbows with a parish Papá in his conical hat, long hair and dark gown; and, mixed with these, the foreign tourist, recognisable by his alien speech and appearance.

4TH.—On the balcony of the Prime Minister's Palace, overlooking the Square of the Constitution, the flower of Athenian beauty and chivalry had gathered, along with the Ministers accredited from the various European Courts, the Vatican amongst them. They were greeting one another in terms of aristocratic familiarity, such as *Kale mera* (good day), or *yásson* (your health!) From group to group flitted the charming Princess VEVIWISKI, a Russian blonde with cockatoo plumes rising from a Parisian toque, now tapping a General of Cavalry with her lorgnette, now ogling an attaché behind her fan. Scandal was the topic of the hour.

5TH.—In an adjoining salon the Prime Minister, M. RALLIPAPIA, having dismissed his Cabinet and the *corps diplomatique*, was now closeted with the Heads of the Army, the Navy, and the Auxiliary Forces, the Chief of Police, the Mayors of Athens and the Piræus, the Directors of the Foreign Schools of Archaeology, and the Commandante of the Fire Brigade. The face of the Premier, who was faultlessly dressed with a crimson peony in his button-hole, was that of a man habituated to command, and unscrupulous in the methods by which he attained his ends.

6TH.—"You, gentlemen," he said, turning to the Archaeologists, "have guaranteed the stability of the ruins of the Acropolis during to-day's ordeal, earthquakes excepted; I do not anticipate a *fracas* in any other quarter. But,"—and here he fixed a sombre eye upon the various officials grouped about him—"at the first sign of disturbance, I have only to fire the cannon on my Palace-roof, connected with my watch-fob by the MARCONI system, and you will at once block the passes to Eleusis and Marathon, hock the horses in the *hipposiderodromi* (tramways), blow up the suburban lines, turn the municipal hose on to the main squares and streets, and arrest every one who cannot establish his identity by the name on his shirt-collar."

"*Malista, Kyrie* (certainly, honoured Sir)," replied the officials, as they bowed themselves out backwards.

7TH.—Meanwhile, a thrill of tense expectation animated the brilliant company that thronged the reception rooms. Suddenly, up the stairs of Pentelican marble, ornamented with low prehistoric reliefs, came a penetrating whiff of ottar of patchouli, followed almost immediately by a full round figure, with a face radiant as a lark, and dewy as Aphrodite fresh-risen from the foam. Her smile, which embraced everybody, including perfect strangers, seemed to permeate her whole being, from the Gainsborough hat (with its wreath of natural edelweiss) to the astrachan gaiters, slashed with priceless ermine.

8TH TO 10TH.—"Dearest ATHENA!" cried the Princess VEVIWISKI, as her rouged lips imprinted a peck, soft as a dove's, and hypocritical as a hawk's, on the daffodil complexion of the full round beauty; "*mais, mon Dieu*, how ravishing a toilette, and what blooming cheeks!" She spoke in fluent French, the invariable medium of expression in the best court circles.

"Who is she?" asked the new English Minister, Lord TIRO, addressing himself to the Plenipotentiary Representative of the United States.

"My! Not to know her, Viscount, argues yourself unknown," replied General GOATEE. "Why, I guess she just walks around with the Prime Minister and runs this yere Government on her own. Pro-digious!"

"Ah!" said the English Minister, "she has a past. I saw that at a glance. But tell me, General, for I am fresh to the work, what is the nature of the ambitions that govern this ancient Hellenic race in regard to their political status?"

"Sir," said the American, "I will figure it up for you right here. Ever since that Cretan business this one-horse Government has been afflicted with notions. They reckon to rejuvenate the Pan'lenic instinct, and start fair again with a slap-up new Parthenon. In view of the im'nent dissolution of the Turkish Empire, of which you, as a Britisher, may not have had any pre-monition, they are pegging out moral claims on a thickish slab of Thessaly. That's so."

"You astonish me," said the Viscount. "My Government had given me no information of this contingency. But I shall have my eyes open."

"A bright man, Sir, this RALLIPAPIA, and no flies on him. Reads his BYRON (not forgetting *Don Juan*, you bet!) and has military aspirations, and means to knock sparks out of the European concert; if only this all-fired Demos don't call his hand over the olive-tax."

"Ah! the People!" said the British Minister pensively, "one has always to reckon with the People where there is a tradition of democracy."

11TH TO 13TH.—The Jubilee Procession had begun. The van of the resplendent *cortège* had already traversed the Street of Hermes, wheeled by the Church of Kapnikarea, and debouched on the Square of the Temple of the Winds, heading for the sacred ascent of the Propylæa.

"Holy Martyrs!" cried ATHENA, as she leaned her full round shape over the balustrade, "what a picture! See the procession, how it unwinds its apparently interminable coils amid the multitudinous populace, and bristles like a gigantic boa-constrictor threading the countless ripple of the jungle."

In another moment she had forgotten the sequence of her remarks in a delicious ecstasy of personal detail.

"There's a battalion of Ezoni!" she cried in childish glee, with a flash of her mulberry eyes. "Look at their Albanian uniform, with the fez, and the embroidered jacket with open sleeves, and the full white petticoat, or *fustanella*, and the red shoes turned up at the toes. That man with the grimy face is from the mines at Laurion, where they get from two to twenty pounds of silver for every ton of lead. And there's the dear Metropolitan himself in the funny high hat! Fancy their calling the Paris underground railway after him! And, oh, look

There's M. ZOLA, who writes novels. He's taking notes for a volume on Athens. And Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, too, on the same tack. And there's the famous Signorina MARIE CORELLI. That makes three. She comes from Stratford-on-the-Avon. Oh, yes, I was brought up in England. And, talking of Stratford, if there isn't the blessed spook of SHAKESPEARE! No, it isn't. It's the great Master, HALL CAINE, with his nice little red Baedeker, and a green grammar of Modern Greek. He's going to out-Corelli the Signorina. On dit, there is no love lost there. And that makes four. All on the same tack. Why, no more English people need ever come to Athens. They can get it at the lending bibliothekes!"

Her brilliant flow of comment flooded the noontide air, heavy with the scent of honey wafted from the purple slopes of Hymettus. At her back there was that constant tittering and whispering behind fans which is *de rigueur* in the highest quarters. ASPASIA and POMPADOUR were among the allusive names which passed from lip to lip.

"And where, I wonder, is my dear Anarchist, the Honorable DOTTI? I know I shall lose my heart to him. And I want him so to sit as a model for HARMODIUS, or else ARISTOGETON, who slew the tyrant. You know, of course," she cried, throwing a dazzling glance from her mulberry eyes upon the company, "that I have been asked by the Board of Works to do a fresco for the wall-paper of the new Parthenon. You must all of you come to the private view." The invitation was received with well-simulated rapture. The Prime Minister had just entered, twirling his moustaches with a confident air of proprietorship.

14TH TO 16TH.—A quivering vibration passed through the crowd below, as in a play just before the ghost comes on. This was followed by a muttering, vague as distant thunder, faintly audible as a tideless sea. All eyes were directed to a figure that was climbing up an electric lamp-post immediately under the balcony of the Premier's Palace. It was Deemster DOTTI. His face was as green as an olive, yet as bold as a beacon.

"Euphemeite, O politai! Citizens, hush your tongues to holy silence!" he began in the formula familiar to all in whom flowed the blood of the old Athenian people. "I am not DEMOSTHENES that I should declaim from the Phyx; nor the Apostle that I should address you from the Areopagus: but the spirit of both still animates me even on this precarious point of vantage. Brothers, we are to-day the victims of a cruel farce. Under the guise of restoring the fraternal beauty of an ancient Republic, the Government, ambitious of a higher place in the Councils of Europe, is but riveting more firmly the fetters about your patient necks."

Murmurs of dissent and approval floated up from the multitude. "Kalo (bravo!)." "Siga (shut up!)." "Go it, cockey!"

"People of the Eternal City of the Violet Crown! It is a true Republic that we want to restore, the Republic of Manhood. We want no Kings, no Governments, no Army, no Navy, no Auxiliary Forces, no Fire Brigade! We want no Prime Minister sucking the People's veins while he toys with the tangles of a Phryne's locks!"

"Eu! eu!" "To the crows with him!" "Good old DOTTI!"

"Yet let us not move through rapine and violence to noble ends. Let us simply express opinions. Let us convince by moral suasion. Let our motto be—For others! Everything for everybody else!"

17TH.—The peroration, designedly conciliatory, was lost in the sudden roar of a cannon from the Prime Minister's roof. This was followed by a terrific explosion on the down line of the Piræus railway. Fountains of red blood spurted from the flanks of their chargers as the mounted police bore down upon the crowd with fixed carbines. Honorable DOTTI had raised his arm to implore the people not to resist, when a live jet of water



Visitor. "No, I won't come in. If I could see Mr. Jones for two minutes?"

Servant. "What name shall I say, sorr?"

Visitor. "Professor VANDERFLINKENTOOTLEHEIMER."

Servant. "Och, sure ye'd better step in and bring it wid ye, sorr!"

from the municipal hose caught him full between the eyes, felling him to the foot of the lamp-post.

18TH.—The brilliant gathering on the balcony had melted away like snow towards the back-door. As they streamed through the gorgeous saloons, tittering behind their fans, a quick ear might have overheard a ripple of society gossip. "Well, I never!" "Who'd have thought?" "What'll the boss do with it?" "That's one for the minx!"

As the curtain fell upon this first act of the modern Athenian drama, the full round form of ATHENA, her beauty strangely altered, was lying in the Cabinet Chamber prone across a despatch-box. The Prime Minister stood above her, still faultlessly dressed and twirling the waxed ends of his inscrutable moustaches.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

THE WASP WAIST.

It isn't the hatred of lacing
That to feminine custom I bring,
It is only the fear of the facing
The feminine wasp with the sting.

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—For sportsmen, the old song long ago popular, entitled "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," if sung by a M.F.H. with a bad cold, as thus: "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys!"

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

August in Christiania.—Dining very late, or supping very early, whichever you like to call it, the energetic tourist (that is, as energetic as a tourist can be when it is 90 degrees in the shade, and when he is suffering from perpetual din of wheels over paving-stones, from the constant sound of tram-whistles, and, like Sir HENRY IRVING as *Mathias*, from "the bells," the electric bells ringing spasmodically in one's ears) can "put in" any number of meals between early coffee, regulation *table d'hôte* dinner at 2.30, and 10 P.M., as during these intervals he will be jolted about the town in an open vehicle which thoroughly realises the idea of a "rattle-trap." The environs of Christiania recall those, to a certain extent, of Paris towards Auteuil, with an occasional dash of Regent's Park, the country about Bournemouth, and St. John's Wood. The tourist who has been well advised as to the outlay of his time will probably "drop in," in quite a friendly way, to see if H.M. OSCAR, King of Norway and Sweden, be at home, either at his palace in the town or at "OSCAR'S Hall," a little way out. This last-mentioned château is a castellated palace on a small scale, commanding lovely views, and employing a quaint custodian who can speak sufficient English to make the explanation of the pictures and the curios rather like a series of conundrums, and whose gratitude for a couple of *kronin*—there were three of us, and we did it all thoroughly—is so unbounded that, from the moment he receives this unwonted gratuity, until he is gradually lost to our view as we drive away, he positively refuses to remain covered in our presence, while he continues "booing, booing, and booing" with all the perseverance of a *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*.

Nor must the traveller miss seeing the old Viking ship: not that he will be allowed to miss it if Mr. BENNETT's courtly and most attentive *cicerone* be first consulted; so he needs no advice from me; and, if he be a Cook's Tourist, the intelligent shepherd, into whose charge the flock of trotters is committed, will be sure to take him there. Also, whether he "follow the man from Cook's" or not, he must on no account omit the trip, per tram, to Majorstuen, and thence, per ascending electric tram, to Holmen Kollen, to which place "we go up, up, up, up," and upper and upper, through grand rocks, skirting, on one side, pine forests, and, on the other, sheer precipices suggestive of all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. "Excelsior! Excelsior!" ascending at a fair rate of speed, ever obtaining peeps of such landscapes and water-scapes as whet the appetite for the entire panorama "at a glance," which we are soon to behold in all its glory on this lovely summer evening, when, having quitted the tram and walked very gently and circumspectly up to the uttermost height, we sit down at one of the small tables in the Restauration's gardens, order our much-needed *consommations*, and enjoy the grand scene which would be described in an auctioneer's descriptive prospectus as "This lovely and extensive panorama."

The neat-handed Phyllis who serves us, and it is to be noted all the waitresses are neat-handed, tidily-dressed, and most respectable young Phyllises, speaks English perfectly, and gives us such information as our thirst, for knowledge and for cool draughts of hock, requires. The view is entrancing; we could sit here for any time watching the alternations of light and shade, the sun cautiously "climbing down," and the mists gradually stealing up the mountains.

WORTLER, too, is, as it were, in the clouds, yearning towards the setting sun, whose brilliant "last appearance," and "for this night only!" is evidently affecting him deeply. Mechanically he stretches out his hand towards the hock bottle. But it is all gone; "*hock*" *olim meminisse juvabit*." WORTLER sighs; there are indications of tears in his voice when he murmurs, "What a glorious evening! I could stay here all night!" As the practical carrying out of this sentiment would disarrange all our plans, we recall WORTLER from

the ruddy, golden sunset in the skies to dull earth by asking the waitress for the bill and requesting his contribution thereto. But he is in no humour for such mundane calculations; he is for throwing down his purse on the table and exclaiming, "There's gold for ye; take it!" So, falling in with this glorious humour of his, we submissively allow him to discharge in full our indebtedness for the "*consommations*," adding a guerdon for Phyllis. Then, with WORTLER walking as one in a dream, we "wander down the mountain side."

On our return to the Eidevolds Plads we look in at the Tivoli Gardens, where is given, every evening, an entertainment not so exceptionally different from any other music-hall entertainment, *al fresco* or under cover, as to warrant my recommending a visit to it, unless *pour passer le temps*. The National Theatre being closed and under repair, much to CHARLIE WORTLER's disappointment, we content ourselves with criticising a statue of IBSEN erected in front of it. There is also a statue of another eminent Norwegian playwright (is it BJORNSEN?) on the other; dramatic *Gog and Magog* guarding Norwegian Temple of Thespis.

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

(Continued.)

"DIDN'T I tell you so!" cried GWEN, pointing with triumph to a greasy ticket stuck in a piece of meat.

"Twopence," I read. "Yes, of course you were right. It's very cheap and—nasty."

"I suppose it's quite—good?" GWEN queried.

"It appears it hasn't been condemned yet, at all events."

"I wonder if raw meat always looks like that?"

"I rather thought it was red," said I.

"I thought so too. I wonder why it is so black?"

"King's Road is not the cleanest place in the world, love, and the denizens of Chelsea have not the cleanest fingers."

GWENDOLEN turned up her nose. "Let's try another shop."

"Buy! buy! buy!" cried the butcher's assistant. "Wot kin I do for you, Ma'm?"

It was too late to fly. We were wedged in by a crowd of Chelsea ladies intent on Sunday dinners and to test in the approved method of the slums the quality of their bargains. The assistant had us at his mercy, and almost before we knew what had happened, I found myself laden with a large doubtful mass wrapped in a greasy *Star*.

"Now for the vegetables," said GWENDOLEN. The glitter in her eye betokened that the purchase had roused the genuine feminine lust for a bargain. She had tasted first blood and was eager for the fray.

Hundreds of barrows lined the King's Road; hundreds of naphtha flares smoked and blazed and smelt; hundreds of costers shouted their wares, and thousands of women fought for bargains. Tomatoes, gooseberries, marrows, peas, bananas, cherries, currants, potatoes, raspberries—all lay heaped on one another in boundless profusion, to be had almost for the asking. A delirious desire to buy up everything seized upon GWENDOLEN, and even my sluggish blood was stirred. For half-an-hour we struggled and haggled and bought, and by this time I was a walking greengrocer's shop.

"I'm afraid I can't carry anything more, dear," said I, as raspberries, peas and currants dropped from me on all sides; "no, not even that cauliflower."

"It's so cheap," pleaded GWENDOLEN. "The man says we may have two for three-halfpence."

Surreptitiously I dropped a large marrow and seized the cauliflowers. "I think we had better be getting home now, love," I suggested.

"Perhaps we had."

We walked a few steps in silence. "These cabbages and things are very heavy," I remarked.

"Very," emphasised GWENDOLEN.

"Darling, are you tired?"

GWEN looked at me piteously. Now if there is an event in the world that I dread, it is when GWENDOLEN gets tired. Fatigue does not come to her, as to me, gradually and gently, giving timely warning of its approach; it leaps upon her suddenly, from the back, as it were, and before she knows it is there it has knocked her down. One moment she is all vivacity and "go"—twenty times more energetic than myself—and the next she is collapsed—a dismasted wreck—a broken reed—a helpless baby in my hands.

"Shall we get an omnibus, dear?"

GWENDOLEN nodded.

"If we walk to the Vestry Hall—it's only twenty yards——"

Had I suggested a stroll to the North Pole, GWENDOLEN could hardly have looked more hopeless and reproachful.

"Very well, we will wait here."

Scores of omnibuses passed us, an endless procession of kaleidoscopic colours, bound for Putney, Fulham, Walham Green, World's End—anywhere but for our destination. GWENDOLEN watched the advent of delusive possibilities with intent expectancy, but as each possible blue resolved itself into an uncompromising red, white, green or chocolate, despair settled more and more pertinaciously on her heart.

At length our own familiar blue appeared. "Here it is!" I cried, and began waving a bunch of carrots at the driver. "Hi! Stop!" But the stately blue leviathan held heedless on its way.

"Full!" I murmured.

"Full!" gasped GWENDOLEN.

It was but a monosyllable, but what a world of pathos and reproach was in the tone of it! "Why did you bring me here on this dreadful errand?" it said, far more clearly than if the words had been uttered; and the force of it lay in this, that while I might have argued with the spoken thought, demonstrating that it was not I who had insisted on coming, from the accusation that was never made I was powerless to defend myself.

It was clearly a case for a cab, for to argue with GWENDOLEN as the plums, which had now soaked through the paper bag she was carrying, dropped one by one in a sad procession into the gutter, would have been sheer cruelty.

When we come to tot up—a rite that is religiously performed every quarter—we shall find that I grossly understated the case against economy. We did not know, till AUGUSTA told us, that "the tuppenny mutton never kep", and 'ad to be et overnight"; so the porter had to be bribed to bury the meat; the dustman, too, required a consideration to carry away the vegetables, and the cabman to be compensated for the cushions on which our assorted bargains had left a thousand stains. Moreover, as we had nothing to eat in the house, we had to dine out on Sunday.



A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE.

Huntsman (who has just drawn Mr. Van Wyck's coverts blank). "RATHER SHORT OF CURS, I'M AFRAID, SIR!"

Mr. Van Wyck (who has very recently acquired his country seat). "MOST EXTRAORDINARY! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL! WHY, I TOLD MY KEEPER TO ORDER A DOZEN ONLY LAST WEEK!"

But as I lit my cigar after an excellent dinner at the Carlton—A.B.C.'s are closed on Sundays—I remarked that, after all, economy had its points.

And GWENDOLEN, pouring her Cognac into her coffee, endorsed my sentiment.

THAT DOG.

By a Lover annoyed by a Poodle.

I do not like that dog,
He sniffs about my heels,
Though I stand stiffly as a log,
Or work my calves like eels.

He has a beastly grumpy growl
Whene'er he sits to beg,
And sometimes gives a ghostly howl,
As though he'd eat my leg.

I do not like that dog,
Despite the proverb old;
He seems to think that I would jog
His dogship from the fold.
But I do love his lady,
The Queen of my delight.
Why was that brutal hound e'er made?
he
Can bark and bite at sight—
I know it—yet I love her. Am I right?



Butler. "MASTER SAYS YOU'RE TO HAVE A GLASS O' THIS BEFORE YOU GO, MRS. GILES. NOW, THAT'S SOME RARE GOOD STUFF, THAT IS, AN' WILL DO 'EE A WORLD O' GOOD!"

Mrs. Giles. "WELL, IT CERTAINLY DO TASTE BETTER THAN THE PHYSIC I BE IN THE 'ABIT O' TAKIN'!"

CHEERFUL READING.

IN the *Bookman* of this month we are informed that "MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S novel in favour of Vaccination is to have a reply from the Anti-Vaccination Society in the form of another novel." To this pleasing announcement we are not authorised to make the following additions:—

Dr. KOCH's arrangements for the coming publishing season are now complete. He has engaged the services of Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE, HALL CAINE, and Mrs. MEYNELL, who are to collaborate on a striking work of fiction entitled *The Tuberculosis of Timothy*. From the scenario, already drafted, we gather that the plot is of the most thrilling interest, and that the closing chapters afford a dramatic vindication of Dr. KOCH's latest theories.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH's juvenile stories are always sure of a welcome in the nursery, and doubtless the two volumes she has just completed—*Matilda's Mumps* and *Little Lottie's Lumbago*—will be as popular as her previous works.

An odd controversy has arisen concerning the serial publication of a well-known author's last production. He en-

titled it *Temperature 100.5*, and as it dealt with the behaviour of a patient in a high state of fever, the name—if betraying some exaggeration—seemed fairly appropriate. But the proprietors of *The Perfect Lady's Mirror* objected to the realism of some of the scenes, and insisted both on toning them down and at the same time on changing the title to *Very Nearly Normal*.

Owing to the interest taken by the public of late in medical matters, important changes are to be made in the character of the *Lancet*. Henceforth, it is to be issued monthly, with numerous coloured illustrations. Dr. CONAN DOYLE will act as editor, and serials are promised by GUY BOOTHBY, Dr. VIRCHOW, and other popular writers. A. C. D.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Table of British Weights and Measures." This may be regarded in the light of a practical joke perpetrated upon Anglo-Saxon schoolboys throughout several centuries, and sanctioned by repeated acts of Parliament, until the weight of foreign competition brought the decimal system into vogue. Note especially the laugh-

able "rod, pole, or perch" = $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards; the humorous or "dry" measure of pottles and quarts, and quarters and quarterens; the comic and ingenious system of firkins and kilderkins, tods and weys, Troy and Avoirdupois and Apothecaries' weight, and English and French and Flemish ells, all calculated to produce hilarity in the course of a business transaction. These venerable *jeux d'esprit* were all swept away in the commercial crash of 1903.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

IM-"PRESS"-IONS.

I.

WHEN dividends get sadly in arrear,
It's certain the directorate will hear
That for office they're unfitted,
And in other ways be twitted;
Then the Press is not admitted,
For nothing of the meeting must appear.

II.

But when they quit the street that's known
as Queer,
And no longer there's hostility to fear,
These Directors so keen-witted
With proprietors are knitted;
And the Press will be admitted,
For columns of the meeting must appear.



“THE ROUGH RIDER.”

WITH MR. PUNCH'S BEST WISHES TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



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THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



THIRTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now to Amúr-rikkah
2. came Líp-tūn-Thatihman,
3. shunning counter attractions,
4. the slapper of shoulders,
5. who called them *mīdkīr-bhoiz*
6. with the smile *biyat-īfik*, who is so
thick with
7. sovereigns,—a *māhsuv-bunūmmi*,
8. the Lord of the Jāmpôt, the king
9. of the Dhīlaz
10. in *jénr-al-grōsiriz*,
11. in *rāshāz-av-béhkān*, and
12. other *koméz-tibulz*,
13. to have one more *shāiyat* the Cup
14. that inebriates so many
15. *Nhu-yaukaz*,—and others
16. from this side
...;
17. and over the seas came Shāmrōkh
the second,
18. a sort of a *Vīhnus-anadiyōh-mīneh*
... in oilskins,
19. a *mahrīnat-al-antah* . . . on her
way to the *résiz*
20. . . . in a *tahrp-ortin-jákkit*;
21. her *phérilāik* form most cunningly
22. shielded with *temprarit-imbah* from
23. the blows of the ocean
24. —as carefully packed as a *vályub-al-nétsukeh*.

25. From the *Klaid* did she sail,
26. and after many days unto *Sannd-ihuk*
27. did she come, midst the wailing of
saīrenz
28. more than *yūzul-i-nhésal*.
29. Then did she cast off this *nautikh-*
al-krisalis,
30. break forth her fleecy diaphanous
canvas,
31. spreading her wings to the tenderest
breezes,
32. and lightly careening she scudded
about at a of a pace
33. off the shores of the Manhattan,
34. till a *visibh-el-pallah*
35. spread over the faces
36. of all the *Aigessiz*, *Airekkuns*, and
Yubetz. *Bit-Síkki*, . . . *Bit-*
Squimish.
37. Then did Líp-tūn-Thatihman
38. have tested the *kordidj*, and experts
in
39. sail-cutting,—salt-water *mīlīnāz*,
40. —the Worths of the ocean, reported
in detail
41. on this latest *konfēkshan*
42. —“Just a wee bit in here, sitting
close
43. to the stays; a suspicion of fulness
just there.

44. Yes, thank you! I fancy—No, the
spinnaker's
45. perfect!
46. It's a *dhūk* of a *méhnsal*! Oh!
Yes, it cuts into a lot of material.
47. Would you kindly just raise the yard-
arm for one moment. That's better!"
48. With *vīhgrus-él-bogrīs* her sides
49. did they burnish
50. till they shone like a mirror,
51. —very handy for shaving
52. (alongside in the *dinghi*).
53. But which way the Cup
goes
54. depends on the weather, and also
on whether
55. the *ekskúrshan-bhōtz* leave any space
56. on the ocean
57. to race in; and likewise on
58. whether the masts—which are
hollow—
59. should choose to bend over
60. like candles
61. in August!
62. and the sails all come down with a
run
63. —just like the week's washing—
64. on top of the
65. sailors.

E. T. R.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—“*Toy Jacobite*.” One of a small set of curious marionette-like figures which were used to play the game of “Nursery Treason,” invented or revived about the year 1890 for advertising purposes. They seem to have been chiefly in evidence on STUART anniversaries, like the 30th of January, when their old-fashioned antics some-

what amused the public. They were constructed to lay wreaths in the small hours of that particular morning in Trafalgar Square, and to utter the word “Remember!” with the dark air of conspirators. They would curl up at the mention of CROMWELL or Police. If no notice was taken of them, they would endeavour to attract it by drawing up a

proposal for the canonisation of JAMES THE SECOND, or the restoration of the Legitimate Pretender to the Throne of the Cannibal Islands. They were useful in Kindergartens to explain the term “make-believe.” This specimen was unearthed near a Thames Valley backwater. It is not known what became of the rest of the set.

THE FOLLY OF THE WISE.

["In an ideal state, gentlemen who were immersed in abstruse calculations and discoveries would be forced by Act of Parliament to talk for forty-five minutes to an ostler or a landlady: they would be examined by the State in Cockney dialect, or in the colours of various omnibuses; they would be taught to become men of the world, which is a step towards becoming men of the Universe."—*Daily News*.]

COME hither, heads of Colleges,
Come hither, O ye grads.,
And learn for once what knowledge is,
That ye should teach the lads.
Come hither, dons and doctors,
Come, Fellows, Tutors, Proctors,
Come, all ye mad conceiters
Of academic fads!

The school of life is wider than the widest Oxford schools.
You never learnt to pluck a fowl, though good at plucking fools.
You may have got a First, yet grates have never vexed your head;

And though you're bred in learning, yet the learning's not in bread.
What are your emendations? You have spent no end of care
In clearing up dark passages, but could you clean a stair?
What do you know of cooking? I am very much mistaken
If you could even poach an egg, although you've done your BACON.

You make divine Alcaics—HORACE never wrote a neater—
But though you write such charming verse, you cannot read your meter,
And though you burst with rage because you're overcharged
As you can't check aright your bill, you write a cheque, you ass!

Then come, ye heads of colleges,
Come hither, O ye grads.,
And learn at last that knowledge is
Not academic fads.

"NO P'lice LIKE HOLMES!"

Sherlock Holmes, by CONAN DOYLE and WILLIAM GILLETTE, as now being played at the Lyceum, is a first-rate melodrama. I make the reservation of "as now being played," because it is possible to conceive that it might not have achieved so immediate and so great success had it been in less able hands than those of Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE, representing that master of logical deduction, the cool amateur detective *Sherlock Holmes*, and in those of Mr. W. L. ABINGDON as *Sherlock's* deadly enemy, the creepy-crawly spider-like king of criminals, *Professor Moriarty*. Not less excellent are Mr. RALPH DELMORE, as the burly scoundrel *James Larrabee*, and Miss GRANVILLE in the most difficult part of the female villain, *Madge Larrabee*, while Miss MAUDE FEALY awakens our sympathy for the mildly vindictive, but much suffering and interesting heroine, *Alice Faulkner*. Nor from the cast must be omitted the light comedy scoundrel, *Sidney Prince*, as represented by Mr. FULLER MELLISH, nor Master HENRY MCARDLE's *Billy*, whose racy, uncontrollable laughter, inspired by Mr. GILLETTE's quiet chuckle, brings down the curtain on the final tableau of the second act to uproarious applause. But for the matter of that, every "curtain" is thus greeted, though the situation at the end of the third act, being the greatest surprise of all, is the one that "brings the house down," and the house doesn't recover its equanimity until "all concerned" have reappeared, grouped on the scene of *Sherlock Holmes'* triumph, to receive so hearty and spontaneous a tribute of applause as the oldest playgoer with the best memory would find it difficult to parallel. It is a drama in which the lights and shades, not being confined to the situations and the dialogue (throughout good and individually characteristic), become, as it were, part and parcel (if such impalpable creations as light and shade can become, "parts and parcels"—but that's another story) of the auditorium, where at one moment

the audience is in a blaze of light, while the band, under the skilful direction of Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, keeps everybody merry with appropriately brilliant music, till suddenly, at a signal for the curtain rising, all are in darkness! Gradually the stage-lights dawn upon the house, when "action" commences. The audience being for the greater part of the evening in the dark, few of them would come away with a clear and defined notion of the plot were it not for the "brief synopsis of the first act" given on the third page of the programme by a kindly and considerate management. Otherwise, many would be like "little *Peterkin*," in the poem, whose inquiries as to what the *Battle of Blenheim* was all about the veteran *Casper* was unable to completely satisfy. To adapt his reply to the occasion:

"Why, that I cannot tell, quoth he,
But 'twas a famous mystery!"

And that's just it. The action carries it triumphantly; it is a game of hunt the slipper in the shape of a packet of compromising letters inexpressibly valuable to "a very exalted foreign personage"—whose name is never even breathed, and who remains invisible and unmentionable to ears polite from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Personally, I should have liked Messrs. DOYLE and GILLETTE to have given us a fifth act, and to have shown, on the glaciers of the Alps, or in any other equally mysterious locality, the realisation of *Professor Moriarty's* prophetic threat of vengeance; only, of course, such a catastrophe is bound to happen during *Sherlock's* happy honeymoon with "sweet *Alice*," and the bride's sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene would have saved her husband just at the critical moment when it had become a question as to whether *Sherlock*, or his old enemy *Moriarty*, should go over the precipice. "*Ce que la femme veut*"—and over would have rolled *Moriarty*, smash, crash, bang! while the ever-faithful "Do-you-follow-me-Watson" would have been seen climbing up with the guides as his friend *Sherlock* would once more have fervently embraced his wife in the gradually expiring lime-light, and the house would have risen, for the last time that evening, to enthusiastically applaud a grand and thrilling climax.

But perhaps, *Sherlock's* adventures being endless, another drama may be up the collaborateurs' sleeves, with this fifth act as a finish. It is a good suggestion, as it brings in not only the principals up to the very latest moment of interest, but it satisfies the audience by showing that latest edition of "CHARLES, his Friend," in the person of "Dr. Do-you-follow-me-Watson," alive and well, to whom, as the confidant of the great *Sherlock*, the audience primarily owe a deep debt of gratitude, since, without "Do-you-follow-me-Watson," cleverly played by Mr. PERCY LYNDAL, what would anyone have known of *Sherlock Holmes*? For how long Mr. GILLETTE may be in possession of the Lyceum is uncertain, but this piece has certainly come to stay, and at this House our American artistic cousins have made their *Holmes*.

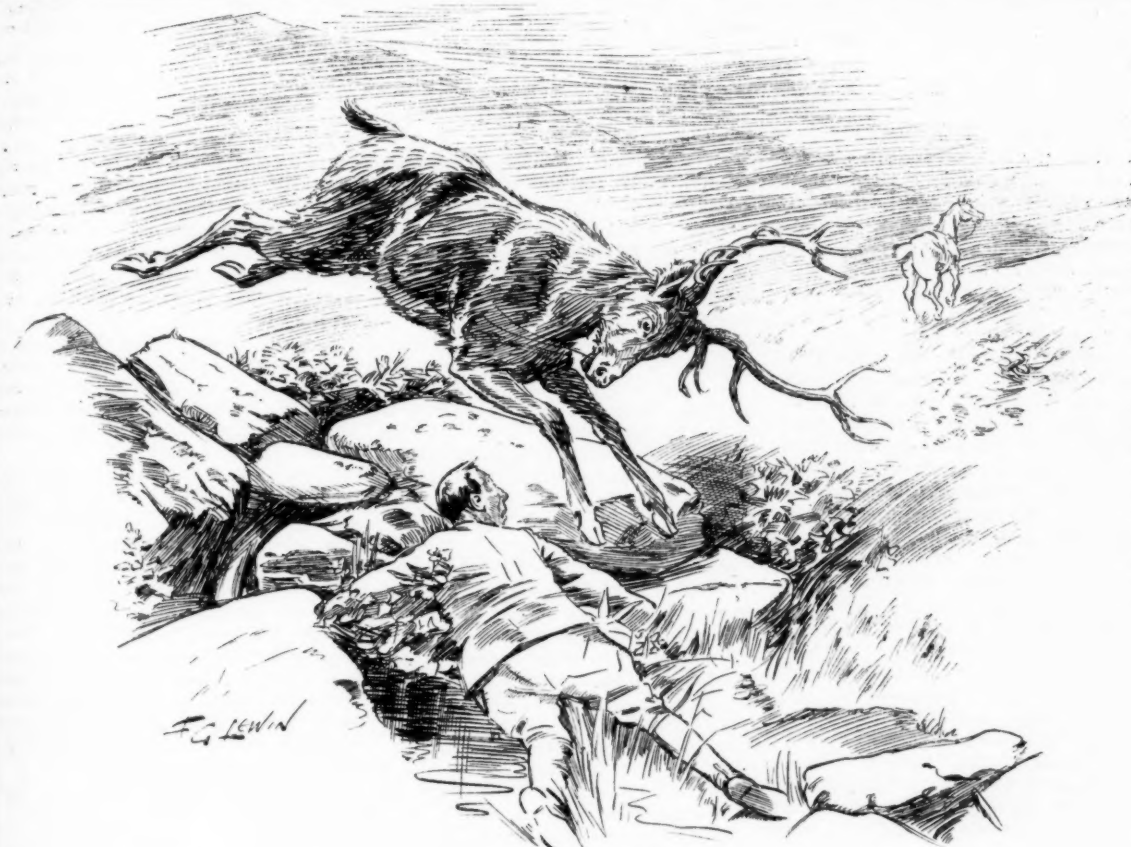
THE GOLDEN PACIFIC.

["An American specialist on education has just discovered that anxious mothers will have no trouble with the most troublesome children if they will begin by teaching them metaphysics."—*The Globe*.]

WHEN your little one is teething, just endeavour to explain
The philosophic aspect and significance of pain.
Don't dose him with such quackeries as syrups and emulsions;
There's nothing like a page of KANT or HEGEL for convulsions.

Should your youngster bump his head against a table or a chair,
Lo! PLATO will convince him that *per se* it wasn't there;
He might believe he felt it, but it wasn't really real:
Your little boy will laugh again—the system is ideal.

What's physio? Throw it to the dogs! But metaphysic still
Contains the sovereign remedy for every infant ill;
So when your babe is querulous and will not take his bottle,
The very best prescription is a dose of *Aristotle*.



TAKING COVER.

MAJOR JONES, LATE OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, BRINGS HIS SOUTH AFRICAN EXPERIENCES INTO USE UPON THE EXMOOR VELVET.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE;

Or, Bringing Him to the "Point."

["The cleverest argument in favour of a return to the vanishing domesticities is put forward by a French lady in the columns of a Parisian contemporary. Turning from housewifery in general to the 'art of the needle,' she says:—'It cannot be denied that a pretty hand, wielding this delicate weapon; a pretty figure bending over a piece of work; a pair of bright eyes, thoughtfully, attentively considering the article in hand, have a charm of their own. The attitude of calm serenity and innocence is, moreover, a delightful piece of coquetry, standing in graceful contrast to the general restlessness of the time.'"]—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I saw her on a shimmering wheel

The country speed along,

I saw her with unlovely zeal

A-practising ping-pong.

And, thought I to myself: "No, she is not the kind of girl for me!"

I saw her canter shyly down

The Row. And from afar

I saw her steering (bolder grown)

Her brand-new motor car.

And still unto myself I said:

"She's not the kind of girl I wed!"

I saw her drive a skittish mare

At Ranelagh, or, drawn

By game less vigorous, make a pair

At croquet on the lawn.

And still I had no doubt that she

Was not the kind of wife for me.

I saw her swimming in the sea,

I saw her in a punt,

I saw her golfing on the lea,

I saw her dance and hunt.

But still no tremor in my breast

A small, incipient love confest.

I saw her do a hundred things

That might a fellow move,

Things, too, round which some romance

Yet never felt in love. [clings,

She wanted just that little touch

Of coquetry which means so much.

Something each day I saw her at,

But it was not until

I saw her ply her needle that

I felt a sudden thrill!

Unconsciously I said, "By Jove,

I do believe I am in love!"

I saw her work! It was too much,

More than I could resist,

There was just that coquettish touch—

My eyes bade her desist.

But, heedless of my mute appealings,

She worked, and worked—upon my feelings!

AN ASPIRATION.

Shamrock the Second, from over the sea
Bring back the Cup for the gallant Sir T.,
True to your rudder and staunch to your sail,

Whether the weather be fair or a gale,
Sailing majestic, graceful and free.

Though in the future no mortal can see,
Though the fates doomed once by cruel decree

Shamrock the First, may they grant
you'll prevail,

Shamrock the Second.

You have for skipper—who better than he?—

Good Captain SYCAMORE (top of the tree!).

So when our plaudits the victor shall hail
(Since one must win and the other must fail),

May you be first and *Columbia* be,

Shamrock, the second.

THE CRUISE OF THE SABRINA.

LAST LOG.—THE TRAGEDY OF GALWAY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Killarney, Sunday.—Drove hither from Kenmare through Windy Gap, above and alongside the Lakes. The sun shone on mountain and valley, on the far-reaching lakes, studded with islands and islets of emerald green. The low walls of the roadway are clad with mosses and ferns. Behind stretch acres of wood-oak, yew, arbutus, holly, rowan, ash; everywhere the birch-tree with trunk of polished ivory and leaves of silver beaten out to gossamer thinness. Only the horses didn't care for it. They had on previous day done their forty miles to Killarney and back. A second day too much. Walked up all the hills to save them; finally undertook to do the last four miles on foot, waggonette going on with the COMMODORE and the baggage.

An hour later came up with horses fairly broken down. Our destined hotel two miles off: horses couldn't do another two furlongs. Luncheon hour long passed; famished: scouts going out came back with news of wayside inn. "Not much to look at," they said. But broken-down travellers can't be choosers. So waggonette wearily dragged along till we reached "Mulligan's."

Certainly not palatial in build nor luxurious in appointments. But "Mulligan's" is no longer the type of the average hotel in the South and West of Ireland. Next morning we went on to one which, in respect of cleanliness, comfort and cooking, need not shirk comparison with any in holiday resorts, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent. In the matter of reasonable charges it beats them all. Do not name it, this not being the advertisement sheet. But it rather than "Mulligan's" is the type of the modern hotel in the beautiful country on whose stately rocks the Atlantic impotently flings itself.

The railway companies have of late years wakened up to their opportunities. No use making costly lines and inviting the British public to use them in holiday time if travellers have nowhere to lay their head at night but on the dubious pillow of a whitewashed hovel innocent of ordinary sanitary conveniences. The great railway company of which, last session, we heard a good deal in the House of Commons at private Bill time, have taken the matter in hand. At most of their termini will be found a first-class hotel where one may live like a fighting cock (if he has leanings that way) on a fixed tariff of ten shillings a day.

Galway, Monday.—Made this place from Kenmare, calling at Parknasilla, a lovely place with a fine hotel cosily set in an inlet of the widely stretched mouth of Kenmare river; Valentia, with the sweet,

soft air of the Riviera; Ballybunion, where our Chief Engineer (G.W.R.) inspected the mono-rail that runs as far as Listowel. A weird-looking affair. A rail is laid on trestles three feet off the ground. On this is slung, pannier wise, two sets of carriages, and off we go, doing ten miles in forty minutes, including one stoppage. Am told traffic occasionally delayed by difficulty of balancing weights in either pannier. If a gentleman of fourteen or fifteen stone gets in on one side, women and children are weighed to an ounce or two and packed in carriage on t'other. Owing to their convenience for this purpose children are carried at half-price.

Arrival of *Sabrina* in Ballybunion Bay created profound sensation. No pier. Landing a little difficult. Only thing to do was to run the gig ashore and then wade. Fortunately a boat already beached. Got alongside and scrambled ashore. The COMMODORE's progress watched with breathless interest.

"He's seventeen stuns at last," said a sympathetic Irish lady with a shawl over her head. "God bless him!" fervently responded her companion.

The Traffic Manager of the Mono-rail regarded him with business eye. Invaluable as part of the rolling stock. Put him in one of the panniers and you might safely seat two women and a child in t'other. Save time and trouble in weighing.

"Worth five shillings a day and a uniform," murmured the Traffic Manager under his breath.

Don't seem to have anything to do in Ballybunion. Chief industry to lounge about the streets—against a wall for preference. Our descent on the place gave quite a fillip to local life.

"They're members of the Government landed from the gunboat that just came in." I heard one explain to a friend.

As three out of seven were ladies, this implied the establishment of petticoat Government.

Tuesday.—In dock on a wet day in Galway. Language does not permit of picturing equal desolation in eight words.

Just forty-nine years ago another, an illustrious, member of the little company that once a week sits down to dinner round "The Old Mahogany Tree," as it has sat through nearly three score years, visited Galway. It was raining then. "The rain poured down for two days after our arrival at Kilroy's Hotel," wrote Thackeray in the *Irish Sketch Book*. Has it rained ever since those far-off days when Mr. Titmarsh was Mr. Punch's Fat Contributor? It really looks like it, so sodden, so sad looking is the town that once proudly bore the name of the Rome of Connaught.

Seven hills has Rome, seven mouths has Nilus stream,
Around the Pole seven burning planets gleam.

Twice equal these is Galway, Connaught's Rome,
Twice seven illustrious tribes here find their home.

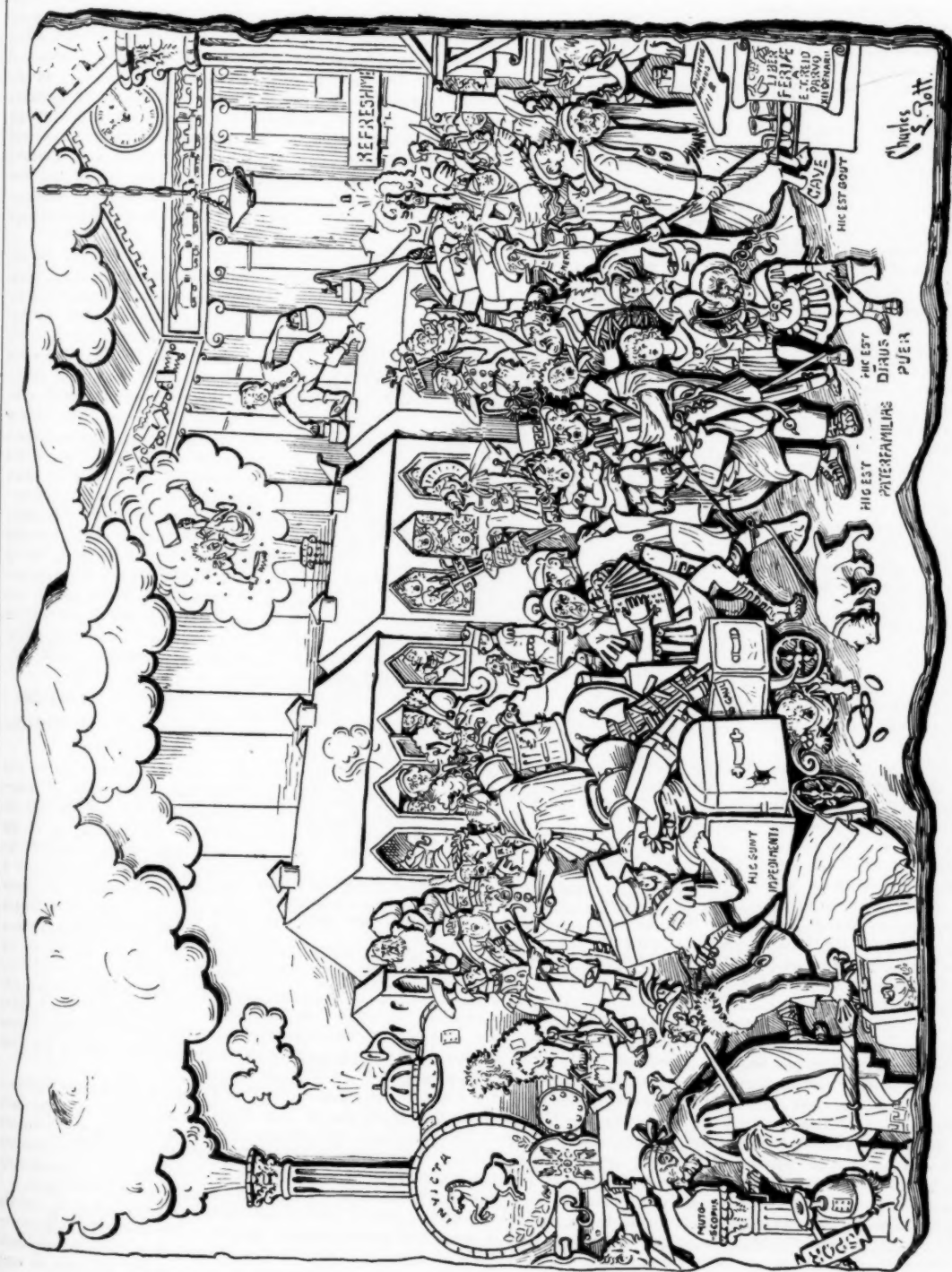
The ancient City of the Tribes has fallen on evil days. Wherever the eye rests it sees evidence of ruin and decay. Empty harbour, roofless factories, frontless houses. Once upon a time, not so long ago, the sitting member for Galway resolved to restore its ancient state, when it was a prosperous port, doing a fine trade with Spain. The nearest point of touch with America, why should Liverpool monopolise the trade? Mr. ORRELL LEVER, M.P., answered his own enquiry by starting a new line of steamers to America. But the ill luck of Galway, gathering through the centuries, stuck to it. One of the new steamers was wrecked. Another was burned. Funds failed; Mr. LEVER and his big scheme vanished from the scene.

The wraith of young LYNCH seems to hover over the town and blast its hopes and efforts. His story is told to this day in a tablet adorned with a skull and crossbones let into the wall of the graveyard. It bears record how in the last years of the fifteenth century Mayor LYNCH's son murdered a Spaniard; how, found guilty and condemned to death, the Mayor's wife raised the town and tried to rescue her son; how sturdy Mayor LYNCH, finding the hangman on strike and the place of execution in the hands of the Mother-led mob, escorted his son to a projecting window of a prison cell and there, with his own hand, hanged him.

"Very pretty," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "But I'll tell you something nearer the seat of the cancer than young LYNCH or his wraith. Walking along the harbour this morning I came upon a man building a boat, five others, their hands in their pockets, short pipes in their mouths, looking on. It was very small and of unfamiliar build. 'What's it meant for?' I asked. 'Herrings, yer honour,' cheerily answered the builder. 'Herrings!' I cried; 'but isn't it very small to go out herring fishing?' 'It is that,' he replied. 'But here in Galway we've always built boats like this, and I suppose we'll go on doing so.'"

Moral—but no; it stares out upon the passer-by at every corner of the old town, in writing more sharply cut than is the inscription on the LYNCH stone.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Piece of Red Tape." This article formed a large part of the outfit and stock-in-trade of the permanent officials of the late War Office and the unreformed G.P.O. No transaction was considered binding without its application, and it covered a multitude of departmental stupidities. It is not to be confused with the "thin red line" of the British Army, also obsolete. It was used to measure telegraphic addresses.



YE RAILWAY STATION DURING YE HOLIDAY TIME IN YE ROMAN PERIOD.

(From a more old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EXHAUSTED by the audacious garrulity of Mr. HALL CAINE'S *The Eternal City* (HEINEMANN), with its cheap guide-book erudition on the one hand, and its fascinating ignorance of human probabilities on the other, I have found, says my Nautical Retainer, a most perfect medicine in the refreshing pages of *King's End* (CONSTABLE), a simple, unlaboured story of New England village life, by ALICE BROWN. Here is no factitious pomp of melodrama, no tawdry bravery to hide the place where the puppet's heart never so much as begins to beat. We breathe the immediate air of Nature, alive and palpable. Yet there is nothing in the whole book that is obvious or unmediated; each type has its own fresh piquancy; we seem not to have met them before, and yet are never doubtful that they are to be met, and well worth the meeting. It is quite admirable how, within the so narrow limits she has assigned to herself, the author has had the genius to create characters so individual, so clear-cut, so diverse. To English readers of this book its harmony of humour and pathos may appeal more exquisitely than to those with whom the manner of speech and life which it reflects is more intimate. But no one can conceivably resist the charm of the author's humanity, the strong reserve of her eloquence, her instant feeling for the felicitous word.

Bagsby's Daughter (GRANT RICHARDS) is notable among other things for the creation of a new situation. My Baronite is ever punctilious in refraining from giving away a story by disclosing its plot. As the situation referred to is presented in the first chapter, the beginning as contrasted with the middle or end of things, no harm can be done by revealing it. The hero by chance meets the heroine at an afternoon party, and in the ordinary course of things is formally presented. He had never seen her before, nor she him. At the time of their introduction, they knew nothing of each other. Ten minutes later, Robert Halifax has asked Violet *Bagsby* to marry him, and Violet has murmured "Yes." It seems a little preposterous, but it is a tribute to the skill of BESSIE and MARIE VAN VORST, joint mothers of *Bagsby's Daughter*, that the bewitched reader accepts the situation as readily as did the father and mother of the bride. There are other surprises in store, compounded and cleared up with contagious vivacity. The Misses VAN VORST are evidently intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the society in the framework of which their story is set. It is, consequently, a little alarming for those about to marry to learn that at a fashionable wedding breakfast in Chicago, the minister who had officiated at the altar having pronounced a benediction, "his assistants were asked for further blessings, and at last the breakfast was served." Old *Bagsby*, the millionaire pill-maker, is delightful. Early in his career, his

wife falling ill, he turned his attention to the manufacture of a really wholesome and effective pill. Successfully trying it on Mrs. B., he launched forth in the pill line, and made a colossal fortune. That is a case not without precedent. Where *Père Bagsby* shines is in the fact that, recognising the accidental fount of his fortune, he set apart one-third of his profits to the personal account of his first patient. What do the Shades of Cockle and the Venerable Blue-Pill think of that? In all matters relating to the social world of Chicago, my Baronite sits humbly at the feet of his guides. But when they shift the scene to London he must tell them that a member of our old nobility may not be indifferently spoken of as Lord Everard Appleyard and as Lord Appleyard. The two styles indicate widely different status. As, neither could he invite a stranger to "lunch at the Marlborough Club."

The Pocket Poetry Series, though this is not its title, issued by JOHN LANE, has recently been enriched by the publication of a neat little volume entitled *Love Poems* by Landor, of a size to fit into a waistcoat pocket, left side, nearest the heart. A lover in difficulties, wishing to make a fervid sonnet to "his lady's eyebrow," and at the same time to express the unutterable constancy of his devotion, will only have to take a leaflet out of this little book, couple its Pegasus with his own jog-trot animal, drive off in his Landor and pair, and drop his verses into the nearest pillar-box. THE BARON DE B.-W.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

ANNOTATED LIST OF EXHIBITS
(continued).

"Sample of Air from the Underground Railway." Carefully gathered and bottled before the electrification of the line. Our hardy ancestors appeared to have breathed it, if they did not hold their noses all the time. Recent attempts at analysis, however, have been unsuccessful, owing to its deadly nature, and no demonstrator has survived the experiment.

According to tradition, its constituents are London fog, coal fumes, train oil, sulphur, marsh gas and stale tobacco smoke in about equal proportions. No trace of oxygen has ever been observed.

"Mess or Shell Jacket." This sartorial freak was probably part of a fancy dress, like the bushies, hussar-jackets, and other grotesque adornments which appear in old military prints. It gave to a corpulent colonel or dandified captain the appearance of an overgrown schoolboy, and, if generally worn, must have been subversive of gravity and discipline.

"Assortment of London Statues." Collected from various squares and public places. It has, unfortunately, been impossible to identify them, as the original inscriptions and labels have been lost, and they all bear a strong likeness to each other. From their pose and expression they would appear to date from the darkest period of English art.

A. A. S.



Tramp. "PLEASE ASSIST A POOR MAN WHOSE 'OUSE AN' EVERY-
FING, INCLOODIN' ME FAMILY, WAS BURN'T UP TWO MONTHS AGO."

Lady. "HAVE YOU ANY PAPERS TO SHOW THAT YOU LOST
ANYTHING BY FIRE?"

Tramp. "I DID 'AVE A CERTIFICATE, MUM, BUT IT WAS BURN'T
UP, MUM, IN THE 'OUSE WITH ME FAMILY AND THE REST OF ME
THINGS."